The Postman’s Home / Full Of Songs

And Stories

It was a large three storey house. Many doors away from our cycle shop. A busy home.

Mary, my school friend , was finishing off her breakfast. We had entered through the side door off the back yard. Her mother sat in the corner by the black stove where the soup was gently simmering. The smell of onions and the feeling of warmth enveloped us. Wishing it was lunch time and we could have some.

Tommy the postman appeared suddenly at our heels. Mary’s dad pushing past to eat his hot toast. We could sense his busyness as he placed the bag on the stool. Full of letters. It was nine o’clock.

Everyone seemed to have their breakfast at this time as Mary ushered us the few broad steps to a sitting room at the front. Away from the lower kitchen.

Just then Madge, Sally, even Theresa arrived through the room door. A few minutes later the boys began to arrive. Mary had left me

for a few brief minutes as I began to count her siblings. As they passed.

The boys I knew worked locally just up the street. Sean in the men’s clothing shop. Kieran at the fire brigade’s office. Frank in the grocery store. All in town. Only Michael had a job in Fane Valley milk department at Armagh. Counting nine in all that day, I knew there were more. This big house was three stories high with a central stairway. A little jealous, I sighed. Our family had shrunk to four as Pat was away at boarding school most of the time.

Suddenly the music began as we prepared to set off for school. This home was full of music. The singing ringing in our ears as that Wednesday, a day off for all the shops and workers, continued. Rushing up to the convent we sighed. Humming remnants of the music still playing in our ears, wishing school had full days off on Wednesdays too.

That home ‘full of songs and stories,’ engraved in our hearts always. Their talent spilled out over the years. The boys set up a dance band which was very successful. A group of the girls sang in harmony together and

were often broadcast on Radio Eire. Also taking part in concerts far and wide throughout the countryside. My friend Mary would get picked along with her sister Sally for the lead roles in the school choir.

During the long cold winters, their home was welcoming to anyone, who just turned up, to join in music and fun. The postman, his wife, the friendliest of people.